

## All Mixed Up

Chumbawamba

Sitting on the shelf when someone called my number  
With a template in one hand, scissors in the other  
'What lump of clay is this?' Said the king maker to me  
Dull, gray matter, perfect for his alchemy  
The future flesh and blood on the bones of the big lie  
A no-wit who's face fits and never wonders why  
I met my Mephistophelles, the papers sealed in blood  
Like I got a transfer deal the lad done good

Good King Danbert at the helm  
His face on every coin of the realm  
And every time we sing, it's three cheers for the king  
Hey, hey, hey  
Sirhan, Sirhan, where have you gone?  
All mixed up  
We take a fool for a king  
All mixed up  
Mistake a fool for a king  
...

The washing powder advert  
That everybody hates  
But all the research shows that's how brand names are made  
Squeaky clean, no skeletons  
In other words I've never lived  
Makes me highly-qualified  
To decide what gives  
Rough-shod, riding rail-road  
Over all the awkward questions  
Queen Victoria of Grantham  
To give me her blessing  
It's written all over me  
I'm touched by the hand  
I am the something very rotten  
In the state of little England

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